



AMASONG
P R E S E N T S

I SING TO KNOW THAT
LOVE IS NEAR

**SONGS OF LOVE
AND HOPE**

April 21, 4 pm

McKinley Presbyterian Church

Corner of 5th and John, Champaign

\$20 suggested donation

More if you can,

less if you can't

April 21, 2024

Order of Concert

Hotaru Koi

Japanese folk song

Come, come, firefly
Over there the water is foul, bitter
Over here the water is sweet
Come, come, firefly

Mother's Day Proclamation

Julia Ward Howe

Women who had lost their sons in the US Civil War began Mother's Day after the war ended, in protest of the carnage.

Arise, then, [...] women of this day! Arise all women who have hearts whether [our] baptism be that of water or of tears!

Say firmly: We will not have great questions decided by irrelevant agencies. Our husbands shall not come to us, reeking with carnage, for caresses and applause. Our sons shall not be taken from us to unlearn all that we have been able to teach them of charity, mercy and patience.

We, women of one country, will be too tender of those of another country, to allow our sons to be trained to injure theirs. From the bosom of the devastated earth a voice goes up with our own. It says: Disarm, Disarm! The sword of murder is not the balance of justice.

Blood does not wipe out dishonor, nor violence vindicate possession. As men have often forsaken the plough and the anvil at the summons of war, let women now leave all that may be left of home for a great and earnest day of council. Let them meet first, as women, to bewail and commemorate the dead....

In the name of womanhood and of humanity, I earnestly ask that a general congress of women, without limit of nationality, may be appointed and held at some place deemed most convenient, and at the earliest period consistent with its objects, to promote the alliance of the different nationalities, the amicable settlement of international questions, the great and general interests of peace.

Appeal to Womanhood throughout the World, 1870

Mrs. McGrath

**Trad. Irish
arr. Meagan Smith**

Soloists: Sara Bowen, Carolyn Applebaum, Alana Smith, Kathleen Fuller,
Jennilee Benda, Hannah Perhai-Josek
percussion, Lud; tin whistle, ærin

“O Mrs. McGrath,” the captain said, “Would you like to make a soldier out of your son Ted?
With a bright red coat and a three-cocked hat, now, Mrs. McGrath, wouldn't you like that?”

With your too-ri-a, fol-de-rid-dle-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa
With your too-ri-a, fol-de-rid-dle-ah, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

And so she lived there by the shore for the space of seven long years or more,

till she spied a ship sailing into the bay. "There's my son Ted, will you clear the way?"
With your too-ri-aa....

"O captain dear, where have you been? And have you been sailing the Mediterreen,
and have you news of my son Ted? Is he alive or is he dead?" With your too-ri-aa....

Then up comes Ted without any legs and in their place, two wooden pegs.
She kissed him a dozen times or two, crying "Holy Moses, it isn't you!" With your too-ri-aa....

Oh were you drunk, or were you blind when you left your two fine legs behind?
Or was it walking on the sea wore your two fine legs from the knees away? With your too-ri-aa....

I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind when I left my two fine legs behind.
Twas a cannonball on the fifth of May swept my two fine legs from the knees away.

"Oh, Teddy, my boy," his mother cried, "Your two fine legs were your mother's pride,
and I'd rather have you back the way you used to be than the King of France and his whole navy!"
With your too-ri-aa....

All foreign wars I do proclaim live on the blood and the mother's pain.
And by hea'ns I'll make them rue the time they swept the legs from a child of mine!

With your too-ri-a, fol-de-riddle-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa
With your too-ri-a, fol-de-rid-dle-aa, too-ri-oo-ri-oo-ri-aa

Dreams

Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

From *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes* published by Alfred A. Knopf/Vintage.
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Oy Khodyt Son/The Dream Passes By

**trad. Ukrainian
arr. Sarah Tenant-Flowers**

The Dream passes by the window, and Sleep by the fence
The Dream asks Sleep: "Where should we rest tonight?"
Where the cottage is warm, where the child is tiny.
There we will go and rock the child to sleep.
May the cat purr and the child sleep. The cat will purr, the baby will sleep.
And we have a warm house and a tiny child.
Come to us to spend the night and rock the baby.
Come to us, come to us, come to us.
The Dream passes by

City Called Heaven

arr. Josephine Poelinitz

Alonza Lawrence, guest director

Jessica Ballard Lawrence, soloist

From the introductory notes in our music:

City Called Heaven is a “sorrow song” that is usually performed in the style of “surge singing.....” For many years Josephine Poelinitz was a vocal music specialist for the Chicago Public Schools, a district with 620 elementary schools. She has taught all levels of music in public schools and has composed and arranged music for schools, churches and the community and was the director of the All-City Elementary Youth Chorus of the Chicago Public Schools. Poelinitz received a Bachelor’s degree from DePaul University and a Master’s degree from National Louis University. She has served on the Music Education Advisory Board of Northeastern Illinois University.

I hope you enjoy *City Called Heaven*.

Henry H. Leck Professor of Choral Music—Butler University
Founder and Artistic Director—Indianapolis Children’s Choir

I am on a pilgrim journey of sorrow.
I'm left in this whole wide world,
I'm left in this wide world alone
I have no hope for tomorrow,
But I've started to make Heaven my home.

Well, sometimes, I am tossed.
Sometimes I am driven low,
Sometimes, my dear lord, I don't know
To which way I can roam.
But I've heard of a city called Heaven,
And I've started to make heaven my home.

Dr Alonza Lawrence is a Postdoctoral Research Associate in Voice at UIUC

<https://music.illinois.edu/people/profiles/alonza-lawrence/>

Jessica Ballard-Lawrence is Archivist for Multicultural Collections and services at UIUC.

<https://publish.illinois.edu/library-excellence/2023/08/10/ballard-lawrence-awarded-bnaacc-ebony-excellence-award/>

Days of War

Sit with me birdie, in the tall tree
The news is bad, and there’s no relief
How do you fly to the enemy?
And sing your song so tenderly?
Oo ... these days of war

When I fly to the enemy
The fear is high cuz you don’t agree
Tempers flare, and the cry is war.

words and music, Moira Smiley and Seamus Egan

Kelsey, Fin, Alana, Kathleen, Angie, soloists

MJ Walker and ærin tedesco, guitarists

And no one listens anymore
Oo, in these days, in these days of war

Little bird, do you fly in fear
up and away from the hatred here?
Do you see a meeting ground
between our camps where you touch down?

Oh, yes sometimes I fly in fear
And I sing so softly so you cannot hear,

but I sometimes see your meeting ground
beneath the smoke and the battle sounds
Oo ... in these days of war
Oh little bird why do you fly away
And leave me alone in this silent day?
And how do you sing in these days of war

where no one listens any more?

Well I fly because I must carry on
To love, to feed, to make my home
and I sing to know that love is near because
anger holds the hand of fear
O, courage take the hand of fear

I Worried

Mary Oliver

I worried a lot. Will the garden grow, will the rivers
flow in the right direction, will the earth turn
as it was taught, and if not how shall
I correct it?
Was I right, was I wrong, will I be forgiven,
can I do better?
Will I ever be able to sing, even the sparrows
can do it and I am, well,
hopeless.
Is my eyesight fading or am I just imagining it,
am I going to get rheumatism,
lockjaw, dementia?
Finally, I saw that worrying had come to nothing.
And gave it up. And took my old body
and went out into the morning,
and sang.

Tegami: Letter to my 15-year-old self

Angela Aki

translation by Susannah Davidson
Dearborn, Susannah, Ellie, CJ, Hannah, Kelsey, Fin

If you are reading this,
where are you? What are you doing?
I'm 15 and can't talk to anyone
About my growing fears
If I write to my future self,
I can confide my truth

Right now, I may give up, may cry,
may disappear completely
Who should I believe?
My heart is rent into pieces
I am living in this painful moment
I am living in this moment

If you are reading this,
Thank you for the letter
I have something to tell 15-year-old you.

Keep questioning what you are, who you are
You will find yourself

The rough seas of youth are relentless
But steer your boat toward your dreams for tomorrow, on that far shore
Don't give up, don't cry, when you feel you might disappear
Believe in your own voice
Adults also have pain and sleepless nights
But live through the bitter and the sweet moments.

There is meaning in life, oh
Keep to your dreams without fear
Keep on believing, keep on believing

You feel like giving up, like crying, like disappearing completely
Who should you believe?
Ah, don't give up, don't cry, when you might disappear completely, (keep on believing)
Believe in yourself
No one can avoid sad seasons
(keep on believing)
Smile and keep on living
Keep on living in the moment

If you are reading this,
I wish you happiness

Be Like the Bird

**text, Victor Hugo,
music, Abbie Betinis**

Be like the bird, that
Pausing in her flight awhile
On boughs too slight
Feels them give way beneath her,
And sings, and sings
Knowing she hath wings.

Dig My Grave

traditional, Ando Islands, Bahamas

Dig my grave so long and narrow.
Make my coffin so neat and strong.
But two to my head, but two to my feet, Lord, but two to carry me whenever I die.
O, my little soul gonna shine like a star, Lord, on Mount Calvary.

Remember

Joy Harjo

Remember the sky that you were born under,
know each of the star's stories.
Remember the moon, know who she is.
Remember the sun's birth at dawn, that is the
strongest point of time. Remember sundown

and the giving away to night.
Remember your birth, how your mother struggled
to give you form and breath. You are evidence of
her life, and her mother's, and hers.
Remember your father. He is your life, also.
Remember the earth whose skin you are:
red earth, black earth, yellow earth, white earth
brown earth, we are earth.
Remember the plants, trees, animal life who all have their
tribes, their families, their histories, too. Talk to them,
listen to them. They are alive poems.
Remember the wind. Remember her voice. She knows the
origin of this universe.
Remember you are all people and all people
are you.
Remember you are this universe and this
universe is you.
Remember all is in motion, is growing, is you.
Remember language comes from this.
Remember the dance language is, that life is.
Remember.

from *She Had Some Horses* by Joy Harjo. Copyright © 1983 by Joy Harjo
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Sing Out My Soul

text, William Henry Davies
music, Marques L.A. Garrett
Brandon Young-Eleazar, conductor

Sing out, my soul, your songs of joy;
Sing as a happy bird will sing
Beneath a rainbow's lovely arch
In early spring.

Think not of death...
Strive not for gold...

Train up your mind to feel content,
What matters then how low your store?
(It matters not)
What we enjoy, and not possess,
Makes rich or poor.

Ah Zumbah

Lisa Young
ærin tedesco, soloist

This piece begins with syllables used when learning South Indian percussion. Those syllables are joined by a vocal imitation of the Brazilian Reco-reco. Then follows bits of melody using sung nonsense syllables.

Ah zumbah, Zumba or dm bor um bor
Gong gor-or zoh weh yah, yah, yah
Oy rafey, oy rafah, zumboy ah-ya

And our voices will awaken this heart of the world
Ever waiting for the whisper and the call
And as we listen closely leaning into the divine
The sweetest indication of love will soar

And we will raise this heart of the world
Yes, we will raise this heart of the world
We're gonna raise this heart, we're gonna raise
We're gonna raise this heart of the world